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MORE HAWARDEN HORACE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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THE HAWARDEN HORACE.

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MORE

HAWARDEN HORACE

BY

CHARLES L. GRAVES

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

T. E. PAGE, M.A.

~ L. C. 70 a

LONDON
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1896

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NOTE

For leave to reprint twelve of the pieces in this volume I am indebted to the courtesy of the editors of the *Spectator*. The rendering of the Epode, *Beatus ille*, is from the pen of my friend Mr. E. V. Lucas, to whom I desire to express my gratitude for many helpful suggestions.

C. L. G.

CONTENTS

PAGE

To the 'Tantallon Castle' 3

To a Degenerate Athlete 9

To the Ship of State 13

To Joseph Chamberlain 17

To Saint Deiniol 21

To Lord Warkworth 27

To Justin McCarthy 31

To John Morley 39

To Silomo 45

To John Burns 51

To the New Women 61

A Prophecy 65

To Alfred Austin 69

To Melpomene 81

The Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer praises the Country Life 85

INTRODUCTION

FIFTY years ago an apt quotation from the Odes was in English society almost a hall-mark of respectability, and after dinner, if the host produced a magnum of port coæval with himself, the omission of some reference to 'the consul Manlius' would have seemed positively indecorous. Now, however, even in Parliament, where the tradition of classical quotation had been handed down through a long succession of orators, a classical quotation is rarely heard, and since Mr. Gladstone retired perhaps Sir William Harcourt is the only speaker who, with innate conservatism, sometimes forgets that he is addressing a democratic house and amazes his hearers with a fragment of Virgil. As for Horace, since Lord Randolph Churchill pointed a jocular allusion to the magnificence of Mr. W. H. Smith's house in Grosvenor Place with the lines

> Non ebur neque aureum
> Mea renidet in domo lacunar—

it is said that he has not been heard at St. Stephen's, and the younger generation of speakers seem studiously to avoid a practice which might remind their audience that they had been flogged at Eton or passed 'smalls' at Oxford.

Yet, although respect for popular ignorance has thus banished him from political oratory, perhaps no classical poet is more in touch with life and affairs than Horace. He has nothing of the recluse about him; he saw all that was best in Roman society; he knew all the chief men of his day; his great friend and patron was the first minister of the state; he was on terms of close intimacy with the emperor, the poet-laureate of his triumphs abroad and the authorised defender of his policy at home. The panorama of Roman life passes daily under his eyes and is reflected in his writings. In its social, literary, and political aspects he notes it all. From the purity of Barine's finger-nails to Augustus establishing a world-wide empire nothing escapes him. He has a word to say about everything and everybody. His wise maxims and philosophic reflections are invariably pointed and driven home by being referred to the conduct of living men and women—to Asterie, whose conduct as 'a grass-widow' is not above suspicion, or Neobule, who chafes against old prejudices which still hamper 'the new woman;' to the

philosophic Iccius, who leaves his books to join a gold-raid into Arabia, or the aged millionaire who 'forgetful of the tomb' is rearing a palace on the shore of Baiæ.

It is this wealth of personal and local allusions which has helped to make the literal translation of the Odes an impossibility. The proper names which occur so frequently in them have ceased, after twenty centuries, to produce any sense of vividness and reality, and serve rather as a perpetual reminder that we are dealing with a bygone world. For example, in *eight* lines of Mr. Gladstone's translation there occur the words 'Bosporus,' 'Icarian,' 'Syrtes,' 'Boreas,' 'Dacia,' 'Rome,' 'Colchian,' 'Gelonian,' 'Spain,' and 'Rhone,' and obviously it is beyond the power of any poetic skill to weave such materials into two lyric stanzas which shall present any attraction to an English reader. The consequence is that of those Odes which are, perhaps, especially Horatian because especially allusive, there is not a single rendering which is easy, natural, and attractive, while even in Odes of a more general character the occasional references to a forgotten past still jar upon the ear; and any one who turns to Dryden's brilliant paraphrase of iii. 29 and looks at such a stanza as

> Thou what befits the new Lord Mayor,
> And what the city factions dare,

And what the Gallic arms will do,
And what the quiver-bearing foe,
Art anxiously inquisitive to know,

will see how strongly his poetic judgment presses him to evade them. No argument, however, will have any effect upon translators of Horace, nor does the failure of a long series of scholars, statesmen, and poets since the days of the Earl of Surrey and Sir Philip Sidney in any way deter them. *Felices errore suo* they dream of immortality, and within the last four years Wales, Ireland, and the United States have each sent forth a volume which bears equal testimony to the fascination of Horace's verse and to the peculiar difficulty of reproducing it.

None the less, although their perpetual references to men whose memory is cherished by few but schoolmasters must mar the effect of any exact rendering of the Odes, still the Odes themselves are in form and finish so unique, the sense is so lovingly wedded to the words, and the words to the rhythm, that they irresistibly adhere to the memory and attract imitation. They are the models which, should some lyric theme be suggested, naturally present themselves to the mind, and, as Horace does not hesitate himself to borrow the shape and substance of many Odes from the Greek lyrists, so he has in turn afforded material to a host of imitators who from the

time of Andrew Marvell have produced Horatian Odes, more or less resembling the original, in which they have endeavoured to illustrate with 'modern instances' those 'wise saws' which delighted antiquity. Of course in the case of some Odes, such as the great Roman-Odes in Book iii., which deal with large political questions, such an adaptation of them is undesirable, for where a poem deals seriously with matters of historic interest it does not admit of resetting. But when an Ode is addressed to some individual whose personal affairs give point to its reflections, then surely, when centuries afterwards some other individual is in like circumstances, there can be no objection to transferring its application from the unknown ancient to the familiar modern. Nay, rather the old poem does not lose but gain by being thus brought before us in a newer and more living shape, as any one will see at once if he will read what Macaulay calls the 'pleasing imitation' of *Otium Divos rogat* which was penned by Warren Hastings on his voyage from Bengal in 1785. The verses of Hastings are not on a par with the verses of Horace, and yet, somehow, after reading them the Latin seems to stand out with a clearer meaning, the old phrases live with a new life.

But it may, perhaps, be urged that while a modernised imitation of the Odes, such as that of Hastings, is

legitimate because it represents genuine and earnest feeling, yet to employ them as a vehicle for political satire is an unjust perversion of their spirit. Such an objection, however, rests on an estimate of their character which is very general but very imperfect. The large majority of the Odes—nearly all in fact which were not written 'by command'—are certainly not serious, but exhibit that light, sportive, bantering tone which is characteristic of the writer, and it is the non-recognition of this fact which helps to make so many versions of them painfully insipid. The Epodes, indeed, which are Horace's first effort in lyric verse, are professedly 'lampoons' (*iambi*), modelled in shape, but not in spirit, on the stinging invectives of Archilochus. Their publication was followed by the *Sermones*, in which the poet pursues the same line, lightly satirising the foibles and follies of his contemporaries with the wit but without the scurrilousness of Lucilius. Throughout the Odes, as might be expected, the same golden vein of humour runs, though for the most part less on the surface and at a deeper level. In them Horace takes as his chief models Sappho and Alcæus, but it is Sappho without the burning passion, and Alcæus without the political animosity. He addresses Pyrrha, Chloe, and a dozen others in verses as graceful as they are unsubstantial, and in

which there is an ounce of wit to a pennyweight of earnestness. When he writes to public men he positively refuses to be serious; he deprecates the heroic mood, and in Odes such as those to Mæcenas (i. 1; i. 20; iii. 7), Lamia, Muræna, Corvinus, Iccius, Plancus, and the like, the tone is above all light, cheery, and genial. He does not claim inspiration, and is not a Pindar; he is content to please and charm his fellow-countrymen by reproducing in 'Italian measures' and with Roman scenery the lighter lyrics of Greece. An imitator himself and a humorist, so far from resenting a kindly parody of his verses one may well imagine that—if there is any satisfaction in the Shades—he learns with pleasure how, even among the 'barbarous' and 'remote Britons,' he is still so well known that such a work can secure readers and even popularity.

If, however, it is a crime, as some hold it, to imitate or parody Horace for modern readers, Horace himself must largely bear the burden of guilt. The Odes are too tempting. They run so in the head; they fit themselves so vivaciously to a hundred circumstances; they epitomise so happily what we should wish ourselves to say, that to any one with a taste for verse-making they are irresistible. Herrick, Congreve, and Chatterton, Swift and Bentley, Porson, Cowper, Tom Hood and

Thackeray, have all yielded to the allurement. The pages of 'The Gentleman's Magazine' show that in the last century the practice was fashionable, while at the beginning of this, James and Horace Smith, the popular authors of 'Rejected Addresses,' issued a volume of imitations entitled 'Horace in London' which was warmly welcomed, even though Scotch impatience of a joke exposed the authors to the stern criticism of Edinburgh Reviewers.[1]

But, although it is for the light treatment of social topics that the Odes most readily suggest themselves, yet perhaps in reality it is to the observer of public life and public men that they best lend their aid. Horace's temper is exactly suited to the amiable criticism of political warfare. Had he lived to-day, the poverty which 'drove him to make verses' would have driven him into journalism, and he would have written an incomparable 'London Letter,' or possibly have been editor of 'Punch.' He would certainly have been more in touch with 'actuality' than the distinguished

[1] See the imitation of i. 16 beginning—

O rigorous sons of a clime more severe,
If Horace in London offend,
Unbought let him perish, unread disappear,
But, ah! do not hasten his end.

scholar who after reading 'The Hawarden Horace' wrote to ask Mr. Graves what was 'the meaning of the term "Tay Pay" and the point of its application to Lord Rosebery.' As it was, the liberality of a patron furnished him with the leisure to compose works which in their polished elegance afford a permanent pattern to all writers of contemporary criticism. He knew men and saw life during troubled and dangerous days; he read much and meditated much, and he had thus acquired the rarest of arts—the art of writing about living persons in a manner at once wise, witty, and without offence. There is not a grain of malice about him; for the cleverness which does not 'love to play' but 'wound' he has no tolerance. The satirist who means to sting is a blackguard and to be shunned;.

Hic niger est, hunc, tu, Romane, caveto.

Nothing would tempt him into an ill-natured joke; he does not 'court the broad laughter of the world and the reputation of smartness,' but he writes to amuse men of taste, education, and good feeling. Of political satire written in his spirit the world will never have too much. Perhaps, indeed, a little more Horatian humour might moderate the acerbity and relieve the dulness which modern politics seem inclined to generate. The states-

man, in any case, who shrinks from being sketched with an Horatian pen must be sadly wanting in taste and scholarship. But happily these qualities have not yet disappeared from British parliaments. The new and the old are not yet wholly severed in life or in letters, and echoes from the Classics linger even to-day about the Front Benches. The past has still its kinship with the present, the Augustan age with the Victorian; it is still permissible to suggest how 'with lighter quill' the wittiest critic of the one epoch might have sung the politics of the other—what Horace might have thought could he have exchanged the *Via Sacra* for Piccadilly, and instead of 'upheaving clods' among the Sabines had laid trees low at Hawarden.

T. E. P.

MORE HAWARDEN HORACE

AD NAVEM

Sic te diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helenae, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat pater
Obstrictis aliis praeter Iäpyga,
Navis, quae tibi creditum
Debes Vergilium, finibus Atticis
Reddas incolumem; precor,
Et serves animae dimidium meae.

Illi robur et aes triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus, nec timuit praecipitem Africum

TO THE 'TANTALLON CASTLE'

O CHICKENS of our kindly Mother Carey,
  O cherub sweet that sittest up aloft,
Restrain, I pray, within their cavern airy
  All winds but those that are serene and soft :
That so a mild melodious *obbligato*
  Of murmuring Zephyrs swift upon its way
May speed the ship that bears the great Barnato
  From Albion's shores to distant Table Bay.

The man who first on South Sea speculation
  Embarked, O Barney, surely must have had
A nerve like his who saved the situation
  When Kaffir stocks went slumping down like mad

Decertantem Aquilonibus
Nec tristes Hyadas nec rabiem Noti,
Quo non arbiter Hadriae
Maior, tollere seu ponere vult freta.

Quem Mortis timuit gradum,
Qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,
Qui vidit mare turgidum et
Infames scopulos Acroceraunia?
Nequicquam deus abscidit
Prudens Oceano dissociabili
Terras, si tamen impiae
Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.

Audax omnia perpeti
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.

Who 'faced the music' with a simple tankard,
Defied the captious questions of the crank,
And quelled the storm of critics cross and cankered
Who raged and raved and blustered round his Bank.

He who pursues his course with mien unflinching,
'Mid all the 'deeps' and reefs within the Rand,
Despises dynamite and laughs at lynching
Though Sharks, Bulls, Bears, and Boers around him stand.
O vainly Heav'n, to save mankind from worry,
Has severed shore from shore by perilous ways,
If the unconscionable Donald Currie
Can take you to the Cape in eighteen days!

Presumptuous man, unriddling ev'ry rebus,
Rides roughshod to his goal with impious joy;

Audax Iäpeti genus
Ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit.
Post ignem aetheria domo
Subductum macies et nova febrium
Terris incubuit cohors,
Semotique prius tarda necessitas
Leti corripuit gradum.

Expertus vacuum Daedalus aëra
Pennis non homini datis ;
Perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor.
Nil mortalibus ardui est ;
Caelum ipsum petimus stultitia neque
Per nostrum patimur scelus
Iracunda Iovem ponere fulmina.

Purloins the special spectacles of Phœbus,
And turns the lightning to an errand-boy.
Yet ev'ry day, in fitting retribution,
Some new bacillus rears its hideous head,
And Death, by Maxims and electrocution,
Hastens its slow inevitable tread.

Herr Lilienthal, dull earth on pinions spurning,
Has flown four hundred yards, adventurous soul;
While Nansen, hardy Norseman, is returning
In triumph from his conquest of the Pole.
Forlornest hopes are now the most inviting;
Each cradle holds a future Captain Kidd;
Nor will balloonatics refrain from slighting
The menace of the meteor of Madrid.

AD LYDIAM

Lydia, dic, per omnes
Te deos oro, Sybarin cur properes amando
Perdere, cur apricum
Oderit Campum, patiens pulveris atque solis,

Cur neque militaris
Inter aequales equitet, Gallica nec lupatis
Temperet ora frenis?
Cur timet flavum Tiberim tangere? Cur olivum

TO A DEGENERATE ATHLETE

O JEALOUS Primrose Dames, why seek to sever
My nephew Alfred from his early loves,
The finest Cambridge cricketer who ever
Put on the gloves?

No more with brawny hands that once could beggar
The power of Paderewski's (when he thumps),
We see him, out-MacGregoring MacGregor,
Behind the stumps.

At tennis too, whose science was completer,
Whose 'force' was deadlier, whose 'cut' more keen?
(He plays at tennis still, I'm told, but 'Peter'
Gives him fifteen.)

Sanguine viperino
Cautius vitat, neque iam livida gestat armis
Brachia, saepe disco,
Saepe trans finem iaculo nobilis expedito?

Quid latet, ut marinae
Filium dicunt Thetidis sub lacrimosa Troiae
Funera, ne virilis
Cultus in caedem et Lycias proriperet catervas?

Little he recked of old—impavid swiper !—
Though sprains and bruises might his beauty spoil :
But now he loathes, like venom from a viper,
Saint Jacob's Oil.

Now, worst of all, like Samson 'mid the aliens,
To Unionist Delilahs he affords
Delight, instead of aiding the Australians
To lose at Lord's.

AD REMPUBLICAM

O NAVIS, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus ! O quid agis ? Fortiter occupa
Portum ! Nonne vides, ut
Nudum remigio latus,

Et malus celeri saucius Africo,
Antennaeque gemant, ac sine funibus
Vix durare carinae
Possint imperiosius

TO THE SHIP OF STATE

O SHIP of State, on perilous seas anew
Forth faring with a filibustering crew,
    Why distant danger court,
When it were better policy to occupy the Porte?

Dost thou not see thy shattered spars, thy masts
Bending beneath the furious Afric blasts?
    Thy 'booms' all turned to 'slumps,'
Thy stout Newcastle planks uncalked, and all hands at
        the pumps?

Aequor? Non tibi sunt integra lintea;
Non di, quos iterum pressa voces malo.
Quamvis Pontica pinus,
Silvae filia nobilis,

Iactes et genus et nomen inutile;
Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
Fidit. Tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.

Nuper sollicitum quae mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium curaque non levis,
Interfusa nitentes
Vites aequora Cycladas.

In vain, with every sail to ribbons torn,
Wouldst thou recall thy Pilot heaven-born ;
In vain thy captain tells
Of Flying Squadrons and of threats to force the
Dardanelles.

What confidence can storm-tossed sailors feel
In 'laths' though 'painted to resemble steel'?
O ease her, stop her, Joe !
Those plaguy 'pushful' ways of his do aggravate me
so !

Of old to me thou wast a weary weight,
A source of anguish and regret of late ;
O trust not Austin's odes,
But shun the fatal gold reefs in the neighbourhood of
Rhodes.

AD ICCIUM

Icci, beatis nunc Arabum invides
Gazis, et acrem militiam paras
  Non ante devictis Sabaeae
    Regibus, horribilique Medo
Nectis catenas? Quae tibi virginum
Sponso necato barbara serviet?
  Puer quis ex aula capillis
    Ad cyathum statuetur unctis,

TO JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

O JOSEPH, since the treasures of Ashanti,
When Prempeh came to ignominious smash,
Have proved, I fear, too ludicrously scanty
To gratify your passion for a splash—
Think you the coffers of Khartoum are fuller,
The Dervishes more rich in golden gains,
That you approve of sending Redvers Buller
To hale the horrid Mahdi home in chains?

Will you engage at the Colonial Office,
To sweep the floors, some widow of Lo Ben,
Or plant a sable scion of King Coffee's
To guard the door of Jesse Collings' den?

Doctus sagittas tendere Sericas
Arcu paterno? Quis neget arduis
  Pronos relabi posse rivos
    Montibus et Tiberim reverti,
Cum tu coemptos undique nobilis
Libros Panaeti Socraticam et domum
  Mutare loricis Hiberis,
    Pollicitus meliora, tendis?

And will you fetch, from over the equator,
  Swart aboriginals, a brawny gang,
Who, should Silomo brand you as a traitor,
  Will floor him with a well-aimed boomerang?

O say not miracles are past and over,
  When you, the budding tribune of the plebs,
'Mid Dukes and Duchesses are quite in clover
  (Strange that the flowing tide so often ebbs!)—
When you, once steeped in socialistic stingo,
  Now sinning wilfully against the light,
Embrace the maxims of the jumping Jingo
  And scout the school of Manchester and Bright!

AD APOLLINEM

QUID dedicatum poscit Apollinem
Vates? quid orat, de patera novum
Fundens liquorem? Non opimae
Sardiniae segetes feraces,

Non aestuosae grata Calabriae
Armenta, non aurum aut ebur Indicum,
Non rura, quae Liris quieta
Mordet aqua taciturnus amnis

TO SAINT DEINIOL

Good Deiniol, long ago
To keep your memory green I thought of forming
This library, and lo !
Behold me drinking at your temple-warming.
If then you wish to testify your gratitude,
Let me define my wants in their extremest latitude.

I crave not Britain's beeves,
Nor yet New Zealand's admirable mutton :
For rich Columbia's sheaves
I do not care one solitary button :
Nor should I feel the very faintest pleasure
In 'mopping up the Transvaal' and its golden treasure.

Premant Calena falce, quibus dedit
Fortuna, vitem ; dives et aureis
Mercator exsiccet culullis
Vina Syra reparata merce,

Dis carus ipsis, quippe ter et quater
Anno revisens aequor Atlanticum
Impune. Me pascunt olivae,
Me cichorea levesque malvae.

I covet not the land
  Trellised by rich Oporto's purple clusters :
I would not 'jump the Rand,'
  Backed by a troop of brawny filibusters :
Nor do I think it very greatly matters
Whether I dine off golden plate or simple wooden
    platters.

Let others scour the seas
  In gorgeous pleasure yacht or swift Cunarder :
Content with bread and cheese
  No costly tax I levy on my larder :
Preferring simple salads of tomato
To all the sumptuous banquets of the great Barnato.

Frui paratis et valido mihi,
Latoë, dones, et precor integra
Cum mente ; nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec cithara carentem.

Give me but strength to chew
  Each mouthful two and thirty times precisely–
Read Dante through and through,
  And I shall hold that I am doing nicely,
Breathing a pure, bucolic, bland, Virgilian air
Untasted by your squalid, striving, scheming, modern
    millionaire.

AD MINISTRUM

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,
Displicent nexae philyra coronae ;
Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulus curo : neque te ministrum

TO LORD WARKWORTH

THOUGH the pomp and parade of the Percys I never could
wholly abide,
Nor those strawberry leaves—rarely sported, alas! on
the Liberal side—
Still it pains me acutely to see you, a youth of such
promise and power,
Given o'er to the cult of the primrose, an utterly obsolete
flower.

Now, if you're in search of an emblem sufficiently simple
and neat,
With the dear little delicate shamrock there's nothing on
earth to compete :

Dedecet myrtus neque me sub arta

Vite bibentem.

I've a clump of it growing at Hawarden, so come any day that you're free.

P.S. If it's fine, in the garden you'll find us at five o'clock tea.

AD POLLIONEM

Motum ex Metello consule civicum
Bellique causas et vitia et modos
Ludumque Fortunae gravesque
Principum amicitias et arma

Nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus,
Periculosae plenum opus aleae,
Tractas et incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.

TO JUSTIN McCARTHY

'Tis no milk-and-water fable to beguile a small tea-table
That you've lately undertaken to complete,
But a tragedy arising from the fraud of Pitt's devising,
Full of devilry and danger and deceit.

You must tell of Leagues and leaders, of Rotunda-room seceders,
Of the buckshot and the bludgeons of the Crown :
And the risk you run is greater than of dancing on a crater,
If you're minded to 'Remember Mitchelstown !'

Paullum severae Musa tragoediae
Desit theatris : mox ubi publicas
Res ordinaris, grande munus
Cecropio repetes cothurno,

Insigne maestis praesidium reis
Et consulenti, Pollio, curiae,
Cui laurus aeternos honores
Delmatico peperit triumpho.

Iam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
Perstringis aures, iam litui strepunt,
Iam fulgor armorum fugaces
Terret equos equitumque vultus.

For a while I fear to fiction you must bid a valediction,
But once you've told the tale of 'Our Own Times,'—
Told it fearlessly and bluntly, you'll embark with Justin Huntly
On the merriest of modern pantomimes.

You'll be missed, my dear McCarthy, in the Councils of the Party;
They'll regret you when the wigs are on the green;
For you earned unfading laurels by composing endless quarrels
As the Chairman of Committee Room Fifteen.

My prophetic soul can image your description of each scrimmage,
Hear the pipers playing patriotic tunes;
Mark the stout shillelagh flatten the constabulary baton
And the peasantry dispersing the dragoons!

Audire magnos iam videor duces
Non indecoro pulvere sordidos,
Et cuncta terrarum subacta
Praeter atrocem animum Catonis.

Iuno et deorum quisquis amicior
Afris inulta cesserat impotens
Tellure victorum nepotes
Rettulit inferias Iugurthae.

Quis non Latino sanguine pinguior
Campus sepulcris impia proelia
Testatur auditumque Medis
Hesperiae sonitum ruinae?

I can hear the chiefs haranguing and the brutal carbines
banging,
See the hero all distrousered in his cell,
And observe with admiration the majestic isolation,
The indomitable spirit of Parnell.

O 'twas cruel the Coercion, cruel too the swift desertion
Of her crownless chief by Erin, fickle fair,
Doomed to expiate her error 'neath a reign of Tim and
terror
With a 'melancholy humbug' in the Chair.

Where's the spot in all Great Britain which no fierce
Kilkenny kitten
Has empurpled with its sanguinary trail?
Where's the parish so sequestered that its peace was
never pestered
By the fratricidal faction of the Gael?

Qui gurges aut quae flumina lugubris
Ignara belli? quod mare Dauniae
Non decoloravere caedes?
Quae caret ora cruore nostro?

Sed ne relictis, Musa procax, iocis
Ceae retractes munera neniae,
Mecum Dionaeo sub antro
Quaere modos leviore plectro.

In what borough or division did our cause escape derision
In the lamentable rout of yesteryear?
Where, alas! was soda-water not synonymous with slaughter
In the battle with the bigotry of beer?

But a truce to themes so fearful, so disconsolate and tearful:
Bidding Butler a benevolent good-bye,
To the Halls of the Alsatians, where Cecilia's imitations
Move the gaiety of nations, let us hie.

AD POMPEIUM

O SAEPE mecum tempus in ultimum
Deducte Bruto militiae duce,
Quis te redonavit Quiritem
Dis patriis Italoque cælo,

Pompei, meorum prime sodalium?
Cum quo morantem saepe diem mero
Fregi coronatus nitentes
Malobathro Syrio capillos.

TO JOHN MORLEY

My excellent John Morley, full often at my side
By foes belaboured sorely, by fickle fortune tried,
I can't express the rapture it causes me to see
Your efforts to recapture the title of M.P.

With you, the most consistent of all my trusty crew,
In days now dim and distant, how swift the moments flew,
What time we went pursuing the wild Hibernian goose,
Or sat together stewing serenely in its juice !

Tecum Philippos et celerem fugam
Sensi relicta non bene parmula,
Cum fracta virtus et minaces
Turpe solum tetigere mento.

Sed me per hostes Mercurius celer
Denso paventem sustulit aëre ;
Te rursus in bellum resorbens
Unda fretis tulit aestuosis.

Ergo obligatam redde Iovi dapem
Longaque fessum militia latus
Depone sub lauru mea nec
Parce cadis tibi destinatis.

With you and mild Mundella I faced the dread cyclone
When my superb umbrella clean inside out was blown,—
When chiefs renowned in story betrayed their sacred trust,
Turned timorously Tory or vilely bit the dust.

But Fate's resistless firmans at length ordained that I
Should edit Butler's Sermons and bid the House good-bye :
For now the tide is shifting ; it flows, alas ! no more ;
And you are seaward drifting, while I am safe on shore.

As soon as you are able, with me you'll come and dine,
Refreshing at my table your war-worn frame with wine,
Where, heedless of the censure of Lawson or of Caine,
We'll toast your valiant venture in bumpers of champagne.

Oblivioso levia Massico
Ciboria exple ; funde capacibus
Unguenta de conchis. Quis udo
Deproperare apio coronas

Curatve myrto ? Quem Venus arbitrum
Dicet bibendi ? Non ego sanius
Bacchabor Edonis : recepto
Dulce mihi furere est amico.

Johannisberg, my jo, John, a tipple fit for kings,
Shall in your honour flow, John, and lend our fancy wings :
Or if in Scottish whisky dull care you'd rather drown,
Glenlivet, fine and frisky, our flowing cups shall crown.

Then, as we wet our whistle with draughts of 'comet' port,
You'll wreathe your brows with thistle, while I the shamrock sport.
'Conspicuous moderation' for once I bid begone
When Scotland, noble nation, 'returns' our Honest John.

AD VALGIUM

Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos
Manant in agros aut mare Caspium
Vexant inaequales procellae
Usque, nec Armeniis in oris,

Amice Valgi, stat glacies iners
Menses per omnes aut Aquilonibus
Querceta Gargani laborant
Et foliis viduantur orni :

TO SILOMO

Not always, O Silomo, upon the Polish coast
Or on the Lake of Como, do Cossacks rule the roast ;
Nor, though your Sheffield bruisers would have it so, can we
Be always sending cruisers to scour the Caspian Sea.

The fierce Armenian peasant, cowed by your burning words,
Is not employed at present in butchering the Kurds :
Nor does the Russian blizzard unceasingly assail
The Turkey's gentle gizzard, the Lion's tender tail.

Tu semper urges flebilibus modis
Mysten ademptum, nec tibi Vespero
Surgente decedunt amores
Nec rapidum fugiente solem.

At non ter aevo functus amabilem
Ploravit omnes Antilochum senex
Annos, nec impubem parentes
Troïlon aut Phrygiae sorores

Flevere semper. Desine mollium
Tandem querelarum, et potius nova
Cantemus Augusti tropaea
Caesaris et rigidum Niphaten,

But you, in deep dejection nursing your sleepless grief,
Bereft of the affection of your ungrateful chief,
Nor when the West is flushing nor at the Daystar's wane
Desist from dreams of crushing the House of Chamberlain.

For sorrow so stupendous, for agony so fell,
The works of Homer lend us no proper parallel :
Why I, though tender-hearted, long since have wept my fill
Over my dear departed Disintegration Bill !

Come, drop these dismal dirges, and jubilantly raise
Your voice, like Boanerges, in holy Abdul's praise ;
Or with exultant gambols extol the precious boon
Accruing from the shambles of Urfa and Sassoun.

Medumque flumen gentibus additum
Victis minores volvere vertices,
Intraque praescriptum Gelonos
Exiguis equitare campis.

Euphrates, lo ! already abates his swollen tide,
And owns in every eddy the Sultan for his guide ;
While, 'neath benignant bevies of Mussulman police,
The savage Christian levies are forced to keep the peace.

AD INDOCTOS

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo :
Favete linguis : carmina non prius
Audita Musarum sacerdos
Virginibus puerisque canto.

Regum timendorum in proprios greges,
Reges in ipsos imperium est Iovis
Clari Giganteo triumpho,
Cuncta supercilio moventis.

TO JOHN BURNS

AVAUNT awhile, ye masses, for whom I've laboured long,
Unto the upper classes I chant my latest song :
The lore of Mrs. Beeton may satisfy the churl ;
I sing for boys at Eton, and for the Girton girl.

Great Cavendish and Cecil rule o'er their lesser fry,
Yet fall, without a wrestle, before Joe's glittering eye—
Joe, whom the great Colossus himself could not withstand ;
Joe who intends to 'boss' us and regulate the Rand.

43598

Est ut viro vir latius ordinet
Arbusta sulcis, hic generosior
Descendat in Campum petitor,
Moribus hic meliorque fama

Contendat, illi turba clientium
Sit maior : aequa lege Necessitas
Sortitur insignes et imos,
Omne capax movet urna nomen.

Destrictus ensis cui super impia
Cervice pendet, non Siculae dapes
Dulcem elaborabunt saporem,
Non avium citharaeque cantus

Grant that in birth and acres A has the pull of B—
Whose ancestors were bakers—and so becomes M.P. ;
That C is in the peerage—at least appears in 'Dod'—
While D has travelled steerage, or borne the humble hod—

Yet after all what matters a mortal's social sphere?
Before the tramp in tatters, the detrimental peer,
Though long or short their tether, one goal in common lies ;
And we shall all together stand at the Last Assize.

No cookery Parisian can any peace afford
To Abdul from the vision of Retribution's sword :
Vain are the songs of Houris, vain is the Bulbul's note,
When Hell's avenging Furies have gripped him by the throat.

Somnum reducent. Somnus agrestium
Lenis virorum non humiles domos
Fastidit umbrosamque ripam,
Non Zephyris agitata Tempe.

Desiderantem quod satis est neque
Tumultuosum sollicitat mare,
Nec saevus Arcturi cadentis
Impetus aut orientis Haedi,

Non verberatae grandine vineae
Fundusque mendax, arbore nunc aquas
Culpante, nunc torrentia agros
Sidera, nunc hiemes iniquas.

Sleep that removes our burdens and 'knits up ravelled' care
May not frequent The Durdans or visit Berkeley Square:
But many a starving yokel, stretched on his cabin floor,
Will make the darkness vocal with his melodious snore.

He who is never craving, like Oliver, for more,
Heeds not the tempest raving upon the rocky shore—
Heeds not the fluctuations of stocks or mining shares,
Nor yet the operations of either 'Bulls' or 'Bears.'

Though aerolites should ravage his orchids and his vines,
He never waxes savage, he neither storms nor whines;
Though crops for rain be thirsting, though fruit unripened fall,
Though water-pipes be bursting, like Job he bears it all.

Contracta pisces aequora sentiunt
Iactis in altum molibus: huc frequens
Caementa demittit redemptor
Cum famulis dominusque terrae

Fastidiosus. Sed Timor et Minae
Scandunt eodem, quo dominus, neque
Decedit aerata triremi et
Post equitem sedet atra Cura.

Quodsi dolentem nec Phrygius lapis
Nec purpurarum sidere clarior
Delenit usus nec Falerna
Vitis Achaemeniumque costum,

Some take a pride in building enormous piers that
scare,
With bands and paint and gilding, the finny folk elsewhere ;
Turning, O vile vagary, each strip of sand and foam
To London-super-Mare wherever we may roam !

No matter how notorious your lot in life may be,
From cavillers censorious you never shall go free :
They call the Kaiser crazy, deny Dunraven's right,
And blacken like a Swazi good Ashmead-Bartlett,
Knight.

The gems of Monte Cristo, the longest purse on earth,
The winnings of 'Sir Visto,' the richest robes of Worth,
The soap of Pears and Cleaver, the wines of all Champagne,
Can't mitigate the fever of one distempered brain.

Cur invidendis postibus et novo
Sublime ritu moliar atrium ?
Cur valle permutem Sabina
Divitias operosiores ?

Why should I build like 'Barney' a palace in Park Lane,
When Blarney and Killarney unvisited remain?
Ill were my leisure bartered, did I, in life's decline,
For millions in the Chartered my rural home resign.

AD NEOBULEN

MISERARUM est neque amori dare ludum neque dulci
Mala vino lavere, aut exanimari metuentes
Patruae verbera linguae.

Tibi qualum Cythereae puer ales, tibi telas
Operosaeque Minervae studium aufert, Neobule,
Liparaei nitor Hebri,

TO THE NEW WOMEN

O ye maids who carp at Cupid and indignantly complain
Should a butler smug and stupid offer you a sweet champagne;
Tell me honestly and truly, are you never shocked or stung
By the ridicule unruly of an aged uncle's tongue?

I've a little friend at Girton, in Latinity immersed,
Whom her coach considered certain of a very brilliant 'first;'
For the classics once she clamoured, on digamma doted —once;
Now she's hopelessly enamoured of an athlete and a dunce.

Simul unctos Tiberinis humeros lavit in undis,
Eques ipso melior Bellerophonte, neque pugno
Neque segni pede victus ;

Catus idem per apertum fugientes agitato
Grege cervos iaculari et celer alto latitantem
Fruticeto excipere aprum.

He's a demon of a diver ; rides inexorably straight ;
And manipulates his 'driver' like a Taylor or a Tait.
As a runner with the fleetest of professionals he copes,
And his slogging is the sweetest ever seen within the ropes.

If there's any sort of slaughter to be dexterously done,
On the moor or on the water, with the rod or with the gun,
None can boast an aim so peerless, none a bag that's half as big,
None displays a nerve so fearless at the sticking of the pig !

AD MELPOMENEN

EXEGI monumentum aere perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius ;
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series et fuga temporum.
Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam. Usque ego postera

A PROPHECY

THOUGH my monument is builded not of marble nor of brass,
'Twill outshine good Albert's statue, Eiffel's pinnacle surpass.
Never may the rains assail it, blizzards round about it rage,
In imperishable splendour lasting on from age to age.
For so long as Mr. Speaker, ushered by the silent mace,
Stalks with stately ceremonial to his high appointed place,
Though my venerable figure shall have vanished from the scène,

Crescam laude recens, dum Capitolium
Scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex.
Dicar qua violens obstrepit Aufidus
Et qua pauper aquae Daunus agrestium
Regnavit populorum, ex humili potens,
Princeps Aeolium carmen ad Italos
Deduxisse modos. Sume superbiam
Quaesitam meritis, et mihi Delphica
Lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam.

Part of me will never vanish: ever will my fame be green.

By the margin of the Mersey, in the distant isle of Skye,

Where the Caledonian crofter drinks neat whisky when he's dry,

Men shall hail me as the Premier who, by intuition led,

To the crownless harp of Erin English measures sought to wed.

Fear not then, O Muse of Tara, to exuberate with me,

Our unique collaboration justifies a jubilee:

Nor omit to crown your champion, in the evening of his days,

Lord of Dodonæan diction, with a wreath of Delphic bays.

AD IULUM ANTONIUM

PINDARUM quisquis studet aemulari,
Iule, ceratis ope Daedalea
Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
Nomina ponto.

Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
Quem super notas aluere ripas,
Fervet immensusque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore,

TO ALFRED AUSTIN

If the fatal fall that ended silly Icarus you'd shun,
Who on waxen wings depended when he fluttered towards the sun ;
Let not vanity inveigle you to soar unduly high,
Nor essay to ape the eagle on the pinions of the Pye.

Like a mountain torrent leaping high above its banks in spate,
Lo ! great Alfred grandly sweeping onward with resistless gait ;
In sonorous closes rounding many a swift trochaic line,
Master of the 'long-resounding march, the energy divine.'

Laurea donandus Apollinari,
Seu per audaces nova dithyrambos
Verba devolvit numerisque fertur
Lege solutis ;

Seu deos regesque canit, deorum
Sanguinem, per quos cecidere iusta
Morte Centauri, cecidit tremendae
Flamma Chimaerae ;

Sive quos Elea domum reducit
Palma caelestes, pugilemve equumve

Hard it is I ween to follow as the wearer of the bays
Such a favourite of Apollo, maker of undying lays,
Who in moments of expansion metric innovations tried,
And the rigid rules of scansion irreproachably defied.

Heroes of the olden ages—'England's darlings' shall we say?—
Blazoned in his golden pages, hold destroying Time at bay:
Good Sir Richard, spent and shattered, grappling with the dogs of Spain,
And the Iron Duke who battered Boney on the Belgian plain.

Or in words that glow like lava hear him laud no reckless raid,
But the charge of Balaklava, glory of the Light Brigade—

Dicit et centum potiore signis
Munere donat ;

Flebili sponsae iuvenemve raptum
Plorat et vires animumque moresque
Aureos educit in astra nigroque
Invidet Orco.

Multa Dircaeum levat aura cycnum,
Tendit, Antoni, quotiens in altos
Nubium tractus. Ego apis Matinae
More modoque,

Words that our remotest scions shall triumphantly repeat,
When the bronze of Landseer's lions lies in dust beneath
their feet.

Sadder strains anon awaking, Arden's tragic tale he
told—
Arden gloriously forsaking wife and child, and hearth
grown cold—
Or, to heights majestic rising, on his friend's untimely
bier
Laid the rich immortalising meed of his melodious tear.

Strong the breeze and stout the pinion that aloft great
Alfred bare,
'Sailing with supreme dominion through the azure deep
of air'—
I to lower levels keeping, by the margin of the Dee,
Emulate the never-sleeping labours of the busy bee.

Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum circa nemus uvidique
Tiburis ripas operosa parvus
Carmina fingo.

Concines maiore poëta plectro
Caesarem, quandoque trahet feroces
Per sacrum clivum merita decorus
Fronde Sygambros :

Quo nihil maius meliusve terris
Fata donavere bonique divi

There I with impassioned relish woo the Theologic
Muse,
Penning theses to embellish North American Reviews,
Heedless of the wild excursions planned by Jameson—or
Rhodes,
As I tivitate my versions of the Sabine singer's Odes.

You, as wearer of the laurel, when the Kaiser comes to
Cowes
Or is bidden to Balmoral, will the music-halls arouse
As you sing him onward ranging, quelling Socialistic
storms,
Indefatigably changing Chancellors and uniforms.—

Hohenzollern, most astounding product of this fevered
age,
Acrobatically bounding o'er the European stage ;

Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
Tempora priscum.

Concines laetosque dies et Urbis
Publicum ludum super impetrato
Fortis Augusti reditu forumque
Litibus orbum.

Tum meae, si quid loquar audiendum,
Vocis accedet bona pars, et, O Sol
Pulcher ! O laudande ! canam, recepto
Caesare felix.

Versatile mercurial hero, modelled in the very mould
Of the royal Crichton Nero, in his first 'five years of gold.'

You will sing the lion-hunting of our autocratic guest—
Street on street arrayed in bunting—Demos in his Sunday best—
Paint the operatic gala—Courts of Justice hushed and still—
Like the late Augustus Sala, monarch of the florid quill.

I too, if amid the cheering and hallooing of the crowd
I can gain a partial hearing, may be possibly allowed
To endorse the salutation of our sole official bard,
And express my admiration on a post- (or postal-) card.

Teque, dum procedit, io Triumphe,
Non semel dicemus, io Triumphe,
Civitas omnis dabimusque divis
Thura benignis.

Te decem tauri totidemque vaccae
Me tener solvet vitulus, relicta
Matre, qui largis iuvenescit herbis
In mea vota.

As along Pall Mall he passes, loudly from the loyal lips
Of the clubmen and the classes shall proceed Hurrahs and Hips !
While the masses, southward roaming, to the Crystal Palace flock
And behold him, in the gloaming, limned in fire by Mister Brock.

Finally, that no hiatus in our welcome be espied,
Each, according to his status, gifts must graciously provide :
You a score of volumes, stately prose and poems, half and half,
I a tiny tome sedately bound in unobtrusive calf.

AD MELPOMENEN

QUEM tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem placido lumine videris,
Illum non labor Isthmius
Clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger

Curru ducet Achaico
Victorem, neque res bellica Deliis
Ornatum foliis ducem,
Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,

Ostendet Capitolio :
Sed quae Tibur aquae fertile praefluunt
Et spissae nemorum comae
Fingent Aeolio carmine nobilem.

TO MELPOMENE

THE babe who, entering on this mortal scene,
Wins from Melpomene a smile serene,
Will never grow into a second Sayers,
Or figure in the Gentlemen *v.* Players.

Nor will he notoriety command
By tooling the superbest four-in-hand ;
Nor rise to fame by snubbing Uncle Sam's
Or Wilhelm's aggravating telegrams.

For him no Guildhall feast nor vote of thanks ;
But he shall sing, by silver Isis' banks,
In accents dulcet as a turtle dove's,
The birds, the groves, the 'garden that he loves.'

Romae principis urbium
Dignatur suboles inter amabiles
Vatum ponere me choros,
Et iam dente minus mordeor invido.

O, testudinis aureae
Dulcem quae strepitum, Pieri, temperas,
O mutis quoque piscibus
Donatura cycni, si libeat, sonum,

Totum muneris hoc tui est,
Quod monstror digito praetereuntium
Romanae fidicen lyrae :
Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

Even in London the 'reaction-ridden'
Am I by Tory tongues no longer chidden,
No more calumniated as a scuttler,
Since I abandoned politics for Butler.

O Muse of Song, who Wagner bad'st unfold
The magic legend of the Ring of Gold,
Teaching his fishlike daughters of the Rhine
To sing a swanlike melody divine—

To thee I owe it that in recent years
Dissentient Liberals, freed from former fears,
Forget the dangerous Disintegrator
In Dante's friend and Horace's translator.

FENERATOR ALFIUS VITAM RUSTICAM LAUDAT

'Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
Solutus omni fenore,
Neque excitatur classico miles truci,
Neque horret iratum mare,
Forumque vitat et superba civium
Potentiorum limina.

THE EX-CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER PRAISES THE COUNTRY LIFE

'HAPPY the man, removed as far
From business as the Centaurs are,
Who, quit of tax and estimate,
Retires to farm his own estate ;
Who, though the bugles bid to war,
Content, abides beside his door,
And, safe in harbourage of home,
Recks nought of the engulfing foam ;
To whom St. Stephen's calls in vain,
And vainly, parvenu Park Lane.

Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine
Altas maritat populos,
Aut in reducta valle mugientium
Prospectat errantes greges ;
Inutilesque falce ramos amputans
Feliciores inserit ;
Aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris ;
Aut tondet infirmas oves ;

Vel, cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
Auctumnus agris extulit,

Instead, a right bucolic soul,
He trains the hop along its pole ;
Or, snugly seated, joys to see
The lowing kine wind o'er the lea ;
Or checks with keen-edged pruning knife
An apple's unproductive life,
Scheming to win his meed of fruit
By grafting there a lustier shoot ;
Or, where the sweet-pea richliest thrives,
Robs warily the murmurous hives,
Straining bright honey from the wax ;
Or clips his ewes' o'erladen backs.

Or, when triumphantly appears
Brown Autumn, lifting o'er the ears
Of golden corn a glowing head
Crowned regally with Ribstons red,

Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pira,
Certantem et uvam purpurae,
Qua muneretur te, Priape, et te, pater
Silvane, tutor finium !

Libet iacere, modo sub antiqua ilice,
Modo in tenaci gramine.
Labuntur altis interim ripis aquae,
Queruntur in silvis aves,
Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
Somnos quod invitet leves.

With what delight he plucks the pear,
The outcome of his watchful care ;
Or, high on ladder, cuts the fine
Empurpled clusters from the vine—
Meet presents for such deities
As rural Squire may wish to please !

As Fancy bids, anon he'll take
His ease among the tangled brake ;
Or, stretched beneath a spreading oak,
Will beatifically smoke ;
While—plashing merrily along—
The sylvan streamlet's jocund song,
The thrush's flute-like, mellow call,
The music of the waterfall—
So soothingly caress his ear,
That slumber, ere he knows, is near.

At cum tonantis annus hibernus Iovis
Imbres nivesque comparat,
Aut trudit acres hinc et hinc multa cane
Apros in obstantes plagas ;
Aut amite levi rara tendit retia,
Turdis edacibus dolos ;
Pavidumque leporem et advenam laqueo gruem
Iucunda captat praemia.

Quis non malarum, quas amor curas habet,
Haec inter obliviscitur ?
Quod si pudica mulier in partem iuvet
Domum atque dulces liberos,

But when Old Winter comes again,
Tremendous Lord of snow and rain,
Then, mounted on his straining horse,
He joins the hunt's tumultuous course,
Swelling the din of joyous sounds,
And cheering on the eager hounds ;
Or, gun in hand, and eagle-eyed,
Ranges the teeming covert-side,
Until his weary footsteps drag
Beneath a " mixed " and bulging bag.

Amid these scenes, how well may one
Lose sight of Aphrodite's son,
And, busy in the field and grove,
Forget the agonies of love !
Yet should a tender partner share
The daily round of mirth and care,

Sabina qualis aut perusta solibus
Pernicis uxor Apuli,
Sacrum vetustis exstruat lignis focum
Lassi sub adventum viri,
Claudensque textis cratibus laetum pecus
Distenta siccet ubera,
Et horna dulci vina promens dolio
Dapes inemptas apparet :
Non me Lucrina iuverint conchylia,
Magisve rhombus, aut scari,
Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus
Hiems ad hoc vertat mare ;

Dividing griefs and doubling joys,
Fond mother of his girls and boys ;
A matron with as sweet a fame
As Mrs. Poyser (glorious dame !) ;
Or skilful in the " fireside " life
As Hampshire farmer's sunburned wife,
Piling the crackling logs to greet
Her husband's home-returning feet ;
Or deftly milking, in the shed,
White Violet, and Pansy red,
And Daisy of the swishing tail ;
Or filling jugs of home-brewed ale
To grace the board whereon is laid
The snowy bread herself has made ;—
Were such his helpmate, then no more
He'd covet gastronomic lore :
No piscine dainty sought afar,
Or caviar, or potted char ;

Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum,
Non attagen Ionicus
Iucundior, quam lecta de pinguissimis
Oliva ramis arborum,
Aut herba lapathi prata amantis, et gravi
Malvae salubres corpori,
Vel agna festis caesa Terminalibus,
Vel haedus ereptus lupo.

Has inter epulas, ut iuvat pastas oves
Videre properantes domum,
Videre fessos vomerem inversum boves
Collo trahentes languido,

No wondrous bird, designed to test
The fowler at his wiliest,
And leave, before so rare a plate,
Bons vivants inarticulate ;—
Would keenlier his palate please
Than pippin from his orchard trees ;
Or mushroom hiding out of view
Among the grass-blades wet with dew ;
Or onion—wit's restorative—
The raciest root that earth can give ;
Or lamb ; or chicken dropped in fright
By stealthy fox at dead of night.

At such repasts, how good to note
The fat sheep thronging to their cote,
The weary horses dragging home
The plough that erst has turned the loam,

Positosque vernas, ditis examen domus,
Circum renidentes Lares ! '

Haec ubi locutus fenerator Alfius,
Iam iam futurus rusticus,
Omnem redegit Idibus pecuniam,
Quaerit Kalendis ponere.

The labourers, who love their lord,
Ranging like bees about the board,
Endowed with noble appetite,
While o'er them plays the ruddy light!'

Thus, careless of financial fret,
Spake Malwood's great Plantagenet,—
To rural Squire transmogrified,
The idol of the countryside.
He vowed no Budget more to frame . . .
Yet, when a sudden crisis came,
And Tories sank before their foes,
And Liberals again arose,—
In spite of all his fervid praise
Of rustic life and quiet days,
Behold Sir William on his feet,
Flaunting the Nation's balance sheet!

E. V. L.

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